GREAT SMASH GIFT NEWS INSIDE!

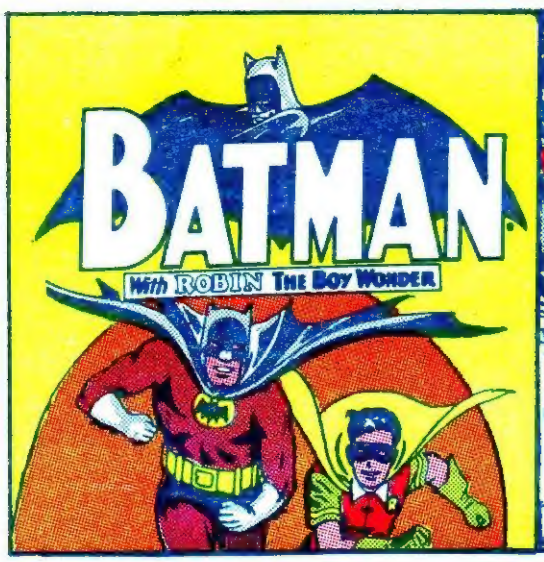
A POWER COMIC

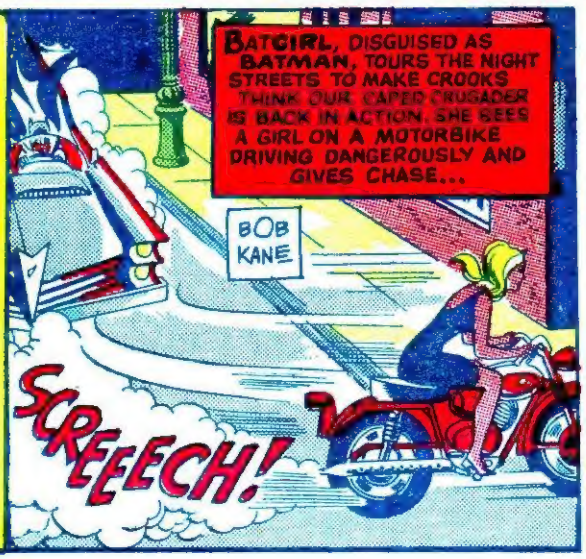
SMASH!

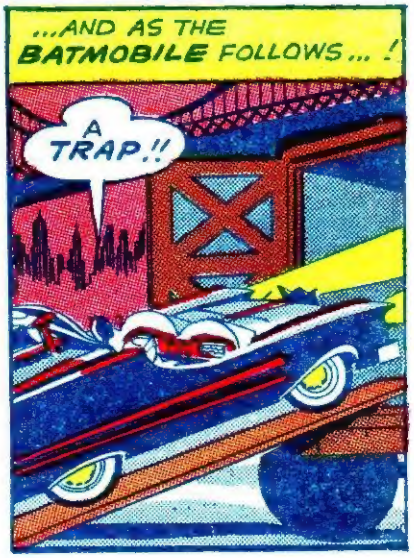
No. 107
17th FEB. 1968

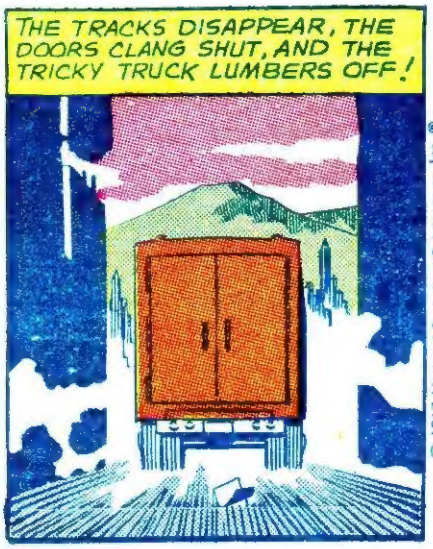
EVERY MONDAY 7d.

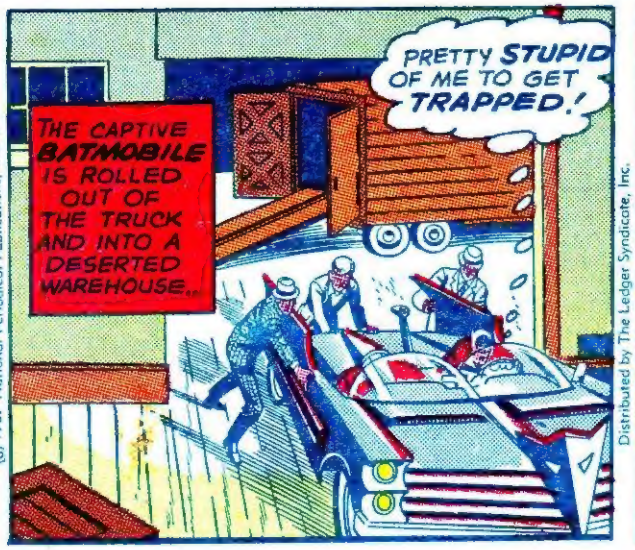
AUSTRALIA 10c. EAST AFRICA 1.00 WEST AFRICA 10d. SOUTH AFRICA 10c. RHODESIA 1/- NEW ZEALAND 1/- (10c.)











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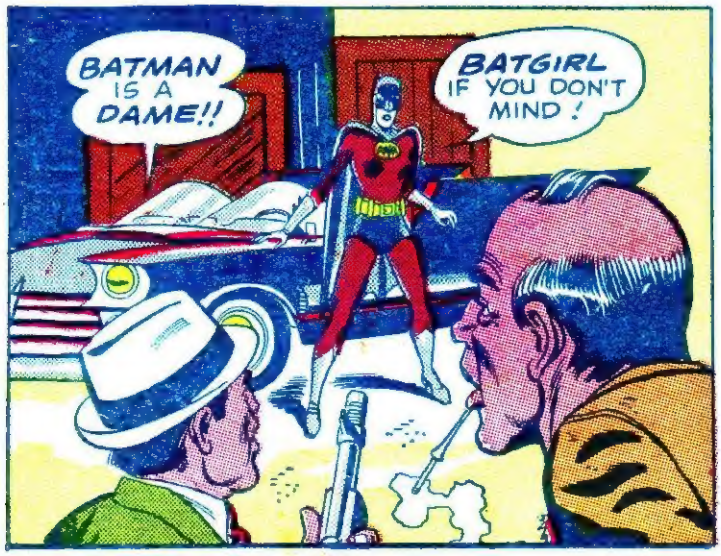

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news from the floor of 64.

64, LONG ACRE
LONDON W.C.2.

AREN'T these GREAT times we're living in? By that we mean it's the SECOND week of wonderful new FANTASTIC! The very day you can collect your copy . . . PLUS an up-to-the-minute spacey FREE GIFT! And if you haven't yet got them both . . . then what are you doing reading this anyway? Go grab a coat and some of that money you'd only fritter away on non-essentials like food and clothing . . . AND GET IT! Before it's sold out!

Talking about the free gift in FANTASTIC (and as if you didn't know it's a cut-out "inside story" model of the marvellous Apollo Space Capsule) we had the notion we CHOSE it because we KNOW you're interested in keeping up to date with important things going on around us. We THOUGHT we'd choose it because pretty soon the Apollo moon probe is going to be a pretty big thing in our lives and you'd be KEEN to see what it really looked like. In other words, we chose it because we thought it had INTEREST and EDUCATIONAL value, for Pete's sake! — And because it would be a nice gadget for you to have!

But this wise old feller who keeps hanging around, ups and tells us differently. Tried to tell us we chose the Space Capsule as a free gift because of a deep, subconscious urge to escape from our four-walled world (he meant the Garret) . . . to move out into the clean, limitless air . . . to an environment where TIME (printers' deadlines) has no significance. How crazy can a wise old feller get? Urge to escape!

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE...

Gregory Morgan, Penyrheol, Caerphilly, Glamorgan; Andrea Pyke, Ferndown, Dorset; Graham Turvey, Houghton Conquest, Bedford; Paul Bennett, Wood Green, London N22; Richard Stevens, Filton, Bristol; Gary Marshall, Shildon, Co. Durham; Peter Costis, South Ruislip, Middlesex; David Patterson, Bordesly Green, Birmingham 9; Paul Brennan, Leeds 8, Yorkshire; Andrew John Thompson, Harrogate, Yorkshire; Tim Williams, Stevenage, Herts.; Neill Taylor, Halton, Leeds 15; Robert Woodward, Kings Norton, Birmingham 30; Christopher A'Court, Westward Ho, N. Devon; John Gorman, Stevenage, Herts; John H. Lindsay, Penrhyn Bay, Llandudno, N. Wales; D. Carter, Sherfield-on-Loddon, Basingstoke, Hants.; Richard Steele, Belfast 5, N. Ireland; Julie Tarnpenny, Stanley, nr. Wakefield; John Carmichael, Bournemouth, Hants.

Craving for unlimited air and space! Huh! Just because the work pen IS a bit short on light. Just because we toil, like literary workhorses . . . day after day . . . in a HAZE from smoking typewriters and steaming brows! Just because it's about time we had some air around the place and . . . and . . . well, like we said, he IS a pretty wise old feller. And what does it all matter anyway? YOU will really enjoy your FANTASTIC spacey free gift. THAT'S what counts. THAT'S why we chose it . . . we may not be so sure about that as we were, but we're sticking to it!

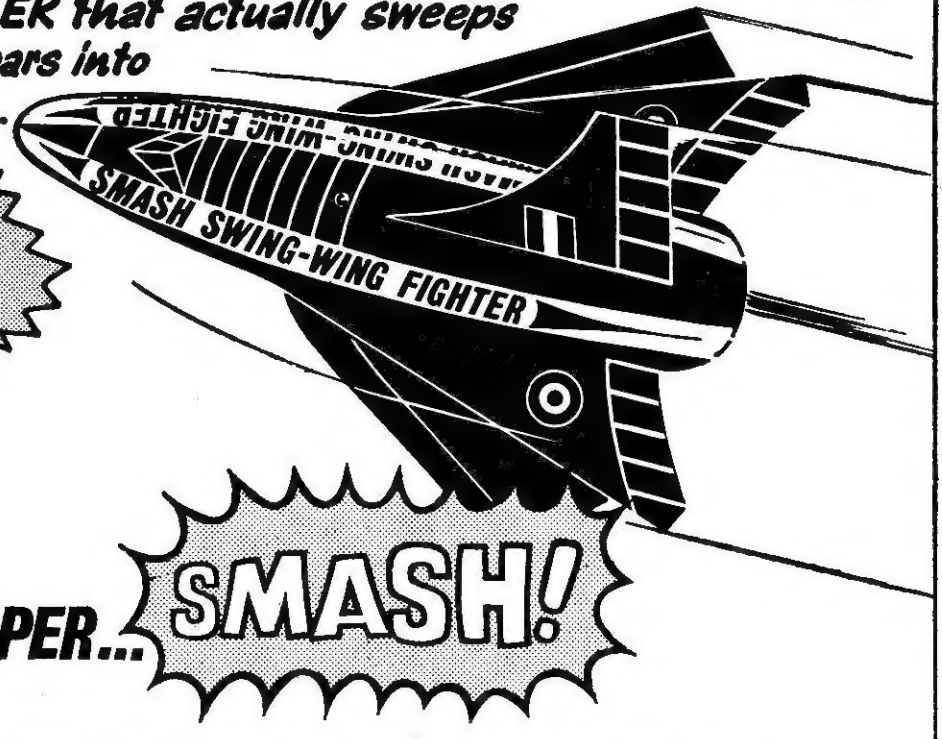
NO MIXED-UP MOTIVATIONS at all about why we chose NEXT WEEK'S free gift for FANTASTIC. It's an ever-lovin' NATURAL! That is if you're a FANTASTIC fan (and is there anyone who isn't?). *And* if you're enough of a snappy dresser to lean towards sartorial embellishments. Either way you'll RAVE over next week's FREE geary pin-on "proud-I'm-a-Fantastic fan" badge . . . complete with super-hero portrait extras. It's a GASSER of a gift! So you just make sure of it . . . by putting in an order NOW with your newsagent.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

A JET-AGE GIFT FOR JET-AGE READERS!

You'll SMASH through the fun-barrier with this r-r-revolutionary SWING-WING FIGHTER that actually sweeps back its wings as it soars into super-fun-ic aerobatics...

TAKE OFF— FLY ROUND TO YOUR NEWSAGENT — AND ORDER YOUR SMASH NOW!



AND IT'S

FREE!

IN NEXT WEEK'S SUPER... SMASH!

THE MAG WITH DAREDEVIL **PLUS** BRIAN'S BRAIN **PLUS** RUBBERMAN **PLUS** THE FUNNIEST FUNNIES IN POWER-DOM!

BAD PENNY
AMMO
ONE PENNY
1968
HUH! TARZAN IS JUST A BIG CISSY COMPARED TO ME!—
I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I CAN DO, SHALL I?
HERE'S OLD PORKY PRITCHARD — YOU MUSTN'T MISS THIS!
ERK!
TEE! HEE! I DIDN'T MISS EITHER!
A LAD IN OUR SOUP! — HOW UNHYGENIC!
TEE! HEE! KEEP WATCHING, READERS!
??
HEY! MY SAUSAGES!
LET GO, BOY — GOOD LITTLE DOG — THEY'RE NOT FOR YOU — LET GO!
GGGGRROWOORRR!?*
* MEANING: WHO SAYS THEY'RE NOT FOR ME!?
MU-UM!
TARZAN PENNY, SHE KIND TO HUNGRY WILD BEASTS! TITTER!
ANYONE FOR SCRAMBLED EGGS?
EGGS
LOOK OUT, PENNY — SOMEONE ELSE IS UP TO SOME SHARP — PRACTICE, TOO!
CUT! CUT!
GRRR! MISSED — THEY MUST BE DUCK EGGS!
HO! HO! — I SAW HER COMING!
DUCK!
EGGS
SNAP!
???
EGGS
WHAMM!
UH?!?
HO! HO! BE KIND TO THAT HUNGRY BEAST, TARZAN PENNY — LET HIM HAVE A BITE OF YOU!
WA-AH! — HELP! MUMMY!

SMASH -CHAT!

Have you got anything to say? Chat it over with Alf and Cos. YOU could win a £1!

Dear Alf and Cos,

I hate to tell you this, but in SMASH No. 96 you have made a mistake. Daredevil was fighting Stiltman and Daredevil said: "The gun it's . . . it's changing it's getting smaller, actually fading away . . . fading to almost complete nothingness." If he is supposed to be blind and didn't touch it either, how does he know? If not a mistake, how did he find out? Please tell me how he knew.

Frank Hilton,
Hindley Green, nr. Wigan.

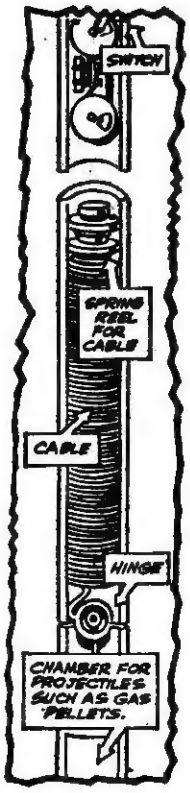
The same radar sense that enabled our blind swashbuckler to dodge the fatal shrinking beam told him the gun was getting smaller.

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

When Daredevil wants to catch someone he uses his billy club. But if he's got it fixed around a branch or a pole, when he swings and lands on something, how does he get his rope back? What he'd have to do is to go back and climb the tree and unwind it.

David Bosley,
Taunton.



Oh, no, he wouldn't Dave. A switch on the handle releases the cable for it to wind back on the spring reel. And for the benefit of all Johnny-Come-Latelys here is a cutaway of part of D.D.'s marvellous billy club.

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

Could you please tell me what happens to Fatty's mouth Nervs whenever he blows through his mouth. Surely they must be blown right out of his mouth, unless they all wear boots with super-sticky soles, but then the saliva in his mouth would most probably wash off the stick on the soles. Here's another problem concerning the mouth Nervs; whenever Fatty swallows his food, the poor old Mouth Nervs must certainly go down with it, and end up in the Tum Dept. Daredevil is getting better all the time, though if you were to get Matt and Karen married off, it would make me feel a lot better. Then I doubt whether there would be any more trouble and worrying between the two of them. But Brian's Brain is still tops with me! So keep up the good work, boys. Yours smashingly,

Jeffrey Stenning,
Romford.

It's a problem Fatty's Nervs have learned to live with, Jeff. Anyway, Fatty's teeth stop most of them falling out and his tonsils stop most of them dropping down! As for us getting Matt and Karen married off—why should we spoil a beautiful friendship?

Alf and Cos.

DON'T KEEP US IN THE DARK!

When you write to us, fill in the coupon below and enclose it with your letter. Then we can be sure that we are filling our paper with the features you like best!

My favourite feature is:
.....

The feature I dislike is:
.....

To: Smash, 64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

DID *YOU* WIN?

The answers to the puzzle set in our recent "Smash Hits" Competition were as follows:—

Let's Pretend—C; I'll Never Fall In Love Again—D; San Francisco—I; Puppet On A String—A; Don't Sleep In The Subway—H; The Day I Met Marie—B; It Must Be him—E.

All readers who had correctly matched up the songs with the singers (and that was nearly all of you!) were then judged on their last lines for our incomplete rhyme.

The 25 best last lines were judged—after ages were considered—to be those submitted by the readers listed on the right. Each wins a smashing L.P. "SMASH HITS" from the "Music For Pleasure" series.

★ **Philip Almond, Percival Street, London, E.C.1; Michael Anderson, Ilchester Crescent, Bedminster Down, Bristol; Noel Baker, Holmesdale Road, South Norwood, London; Alison Browne, The Avenue, West Wickham, Kent; Joyce Calvert, Bransdale Clough, Buttershaw, Bradford, Yorks.**

Martin Crossley, Edge Lane Road, Oldham, Lancs; Gary Davies, Stonehill Street, Anfield, Liverpool, Lancs.

Keith Dickinson, Hill Top Lane, Allerton, Bradford, Yorks; Sara Downing, Shelton Road, Merton Park, London; Peter Dykstra, Woodberry Avenue, Winchmore Hill, London.

★ **Nicholas Elliott, Well Lane, Stock, Essex; Scott Glashan, Auchinyell Road, Aberdeen; Graeme Golden, Dryburgh G.D., Lochee, Dundee; Pamela Howell, Highridge Walk, Uplands, Bristol; Vaughan Ives, Canford Cliffs Road, Poole.**

D. A. Jameson, Kelmscott Crescent, Crossgates, Leeds, Yorks; Martin Jay, Freeman Street, Wells-next-the-Sea, Norfolk; C. Lancaster, Oak Avenue, Egham, Surrey; Brendan Maguire, Cadogan Park, Belfast, N. Ireland; Peter Norris, Watford Road, Wembley.

Colin Parry, Edison Road, Welling, Kent; Linda Phillips, Transit Road, Newhaven, Sussex; Leslie Skinner, Palgrove Road, Pennywell, Sunderland, Co. Durham; Alan Thomson, Lussielaw Road, Edinburgh 9; David Wilby, Churchbalk Lane, Pontefract, Yorks.

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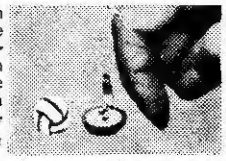


INTERNATIONAL 119/6
FLOODLIGHTING 89/11
CLUB 59/11 DISPLAY 28/11

Please ask at your local Sports or Toy-shop or Department Store. In case of difficulty write for literature and list of stockists to:

SUBBUTEO
(DEPT 60) LANGTON GREEN, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, KENT.

DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR! & "THE SECRET OF KA-ZAR'S ORIGIN!"

PITY POOR DAREDEVIL!

CAPTURED BY THE 20TH CENTURY PIRATE KNOWN AS THE **PLUNDERER**, HE IS TAKEN TO A HIDDEN LAND, WHICH TURNS OUT TO BE **KA-ZAR'S** DOMAIN! THERE, HE LOSES HIS SUPER-SENSES IN BATTLE AND AS HE LIES HELPLESS IN KA-ZAR'S CAVE, ALONG COMES **MAA-GOR**, LAST OF THE DEADLY APE MAN TRIBE! **OTHERWISE, EVERYTHING'S JUST FINE!**

BUT, TO A MAN OF COURAGE... TO A MAN OF VALOUR ..THE GREATER THE DANGER... THE GREATER THE EFFORT!
MY BILLY CLUB! IF I CAN WHIP IT OUT IN TIME... SWING IT IN FRONT OF ME... PERHAPS I CAN LAND A LUCKY BLOW AND... UHHH!
NO USE! HE GRABBED ME FROM BEHIND... I DIDN'T HEAR HIM SOON ENOUGH!
HE'S BRACING TO THROW ME! I'VE GOT TO RELAX... LET MYSELF GO LIMP!!
UNABLE TO SEE HIS BESTIAL FOE... UNABLE TO DISCERN HIS SURROUNDINGS... THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR STILL HAS THE INSTINCTS OF THE MASTER FIGHTER...!
THE WHOLE TRICK IS TO FALL LIKE AN EXPERT TUMBLER... SO NO BONES WILL BE BROKEN!
IT WORKED! I'M UNHURT! BUT... HE'S ATTACKING AGAIN... FASTER THAN BEFORE! HIS FOOTFALLS ARE DEAFENING...!
THOOM!
THOOM!
CAN'T RUN! I'VE GOT TO HOPE I CAN SURVIVE HIS CHARGE... AND GET SOME SORT OF GRIP ON HIM!
IF THIS IS TO BE MY FINISH... I'LL DIE AS I'VE LIVED... FIGHTING TILL THE END!
AND, AT THAT MOMENT, HUNDREDS OF YARDS AWAY, THE POWERFUL KA-ZAR FINDS HIMSELF IN SIMILAR DIFFICULTY, AS A KILLER PLANT DRAWS ITSELF EVER TIGHTER AROUND HIM...!
EEEEAAHHHHH
ONLY ZABU CAN SAVE KA-ZAR NOW!!
FOR THOSE OF YOU INJUDICIOUS ENOUGH TO HAVE MISSED OUR LAST GREAT ISSUE, KA-ZAR RISKED THE MENACE OF THE KILLER PLANT WHILE TRYING TO PICK THE POTENT JU-JU BERRIES, WHICH HE FELT MIGHT CURE THE FALLEN DAREDEVIL! (ALTHOUGH A SITUATION LIKE THIS IS ENOUGH TO MAKE A MAN SWEAR OFF BEING A DO-GOODER!)
KA-ZAR LORD OF JUNGLE!! KA-ZAR MASTER OF ALL! BACK! BACK!! KA-ZAR COMMANDS!!
BUT, EVEN AS THE JUNGLE RINGS OUT WITH KA-ZAR'S CHALLENGE, A FOUR-LEGGED JUGGERNAUT HURTLES INTO THE FRAY...!
RROARR!
ZABU!! YOU HAVE COME!
MIGHTY IS PLANT OF DEATH! BUT, MIGHTIER STILL IS ZABU, BROTHER TO THE WHIRLWIND AND THE THUNDER!! FIGHT, FAITHFUL ONE!! FIGHT!
SILENTLY, THE MONSTROUS PLANT LOOSENS ITS HOLD ON KA-ZAR AS IT ENTWINES AROUND ITS LARGER PREY... BUT, IN SO DOING, IT SEALS ITS OWN FATE...!!
RRKOAR
NEVER AGAIN WILL PLANT CLAIM NEW VICTIM!! KA-ZAR'S ROCKS WILL DESTROY FOREVER!!
SKRRAK!
RUBBING TWO RAW PIECES OF FLINT TOGETHER, WITH HANDS LIKE STEEL VICES, THE JUNGLE LORD HAS A BLAZING FIRE GOING IN SECONDS... A FIRE INTO WHICH HE THRUSTS A DRY WOODEN CLUB...
BACK, ZABU!! NOW PLANT WILL FEEL THE ANGER OF KA-ZAR!
CRRACKLE!
HAH! KA-ZAR GREATEST OF ALL!!
STRONGER THAN MASTODON!! STRONGER THAN GIANT BOAR!!
MIGHTY IS KA-ZAR... LORD OF JUNGLE!!
EEEEEE

AND, DEEP IN THE PRIMORDIAL JUNGLE, THE EVIL PLUNDERER AND HIS MEN FEEL THEIR BLOOD RUN COLD AS THEY HEAR ...
HHHHHHHH
LISTEN! IT'S KA-ZAR'S VICTORY CRY!!
WE'LL NEVER BE SAFE SO LONG AS HE'S FREE!
HE LEVELLED OUR CAMP... DESTROYED OUR WEAPONS AND AMMUNITION... WE'VE NOTHING LEFT BUT SHOVELS AND CUTLASSES!
HE'S GOT TO BE MADE TO PAY FOR THAT!
HE'LL PAY, ALL RIGHT! BUT NOT THE WAY YOU THINK!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, CAP'N?
AVAST, YOU SCURVY BILGE RAT! CAPTAN PLUNDER EXPLAINS TO NOBODY! I GIVE THE ORDERS!... YOU JUST OBEY!!
NOW, CAP'N, THERE'S NO NEED FOR YE TO SCUTTLE YER TIMBERS THAT WAY!
YOU KNOW HOW LOYAL TO YE I AM! YOU KNOW HOW YE CAN TRUST OLD SLAGG!
BUT, YE NEVER DID TELL US WHO KA-ZAR IS... OR WHY YOU'RE INTERESTED IN HIM!
YOU WIZENED LITTLE WEASEL!! YOU'LL FIND OUT WHEN THE PLUNDERER IS READY TO TELL YOU... AND NOT BEFORE!!
EASY, CAP'N... EASY! YE MAY NEED EVERY FRIEND YE HAVE BEFORE WE'RE SAFELY OUT OF THIS!
FRIEND??! MY STRENGTH... AND MY WITS... ARE MY ONLY FRIENDS!! AND THE FACT THAT THE PLUNDERER HAS THE ONLY GUN LEFT IN THIS FORSAKEN LAND!
THERE'S MORE TO THIS THAN HE'S TELLING! BUT SLY SLAGG WILL BIDE HIS TIME.. MY CHANCE WILL COME!
BUT, WHAT OF DAREDEVIL?? COMPARED TO HIS DILEMMA, KA-ZAR AND CAP'N PLUNDER HAVE BEEN ON A PICNIC...!
LUCKY I'M FIGHTING A SUB-HUMAN SAVAGE! HE HASN'T THE BRAINS TO FIGHT SILENTLY! EVEN WITH NORMAL HEARING, I CAN ANTICIPATE HIS EVERY MOVE!
THUMP!
BUT HOW LONG CAN I KEEP THIS UP? SOONER OR LATER, A BLOW WILL COME THAT I'M NOT PREPARED FOR... AND WITH HIS STRENGTH... IT'LL BE MY FINISH!
I'VE GOT TO SEIZE THE INITIATIVE... SOMEHOW!!
SO LONG AS HE KEEPS GROWLING, I CAN FIND MY TARGET!!
BUT I DON'T SEEM ABLE TO HURT HIM!!
I HEAR HIM BACKING AWAY! PROBABLY PREPARING FOR ANOTHER CHARGE!
IF ONLY I HAD A WEAPON ... SOMETHING STRONGER THAN MY BILLY CLUB! EVEN A HEAVY ROCK MIGHT DO THE TRICK!!
BUT, AS THE SIGHTLESS CRUSADER HEARS MAA-GOR'S FINAL ATTACK, HE REALIZES WITH SINKING HEART, THAT NOTHING SHORT OF A FIREARM CAN STOP HIM NOW...!
THIS IS THE WRAP-UP! BUT I'LL GO DOWN FIGHTING!
THUMP!
BUT THEN, MIRACULOUSLY, AS IT SEEMS TO DAREDEVIL, A SHOT RINGS OUT... REVERBERATING THROUGHOUT THE SHADOWY, DIMLY-LIT CAVE ...!
KRAK!
ONE BLAST WILL HAVE TO DO IT! I CAN'T AFFORD TO WASTE THEM!!
BUT, I CAN'T AFFORD TO LET ANY HARM COME TO KA-ZAR, EITHER!... NOT YET!
DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY! RUN 'IM THROUGH!
AYE, SLAGG! HE'S ALL YOURS! IF YOU WANT HIM... GO AFTER HIM... ALONE!
ALONE? OUT THERE ..IN THE JUNGLE?? YE DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE ASKIN', CAP'N!
ROARING IN PAIN, FROM A BLAST WHICH WOULD HAVE KILLED AN ORDINARY HUMAN... DAZED.. CONFUSED BY THE MANY VOICES, THE MANY DEAFENING SHOUTS AND CRIES... MAA-GOR TURNS AND RACES FROM THE CAVE ... RETURNING TO THE NO-WHERE' FROM WHENCE HE CAME ...!

AND NOW TO... WAIT! WHAT'S THIS ??!
IT ISN'T KA-ZAR! IT'S THE ONE CALLED DAREDEVIL !!
ON YOUR FEET, MASKED MAN! I'M IN COMMAND HERE AGAIN!
THE PLUNDERER'S VOICE! IT WAS HE WHO SAVED ME!
I'M RIGHT OUT OF THE FRYING PAN INTO THE FIRE!

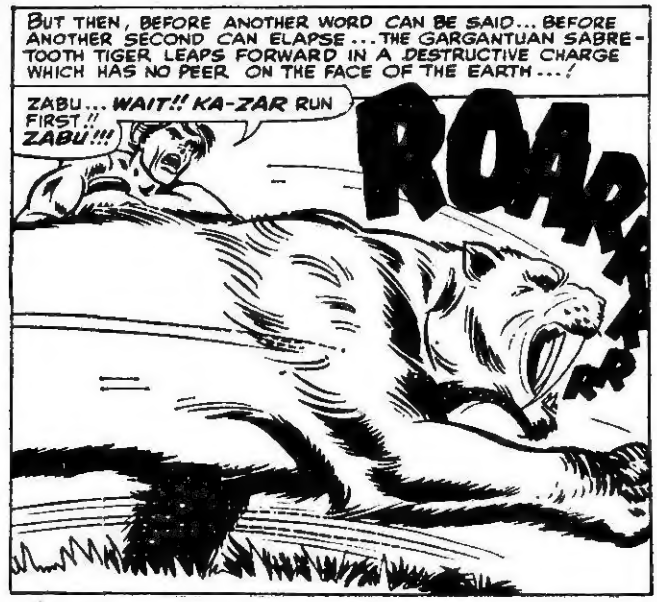
SLAGG! STAND ASIDE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING ??
JUST PROVIN' SOMETHING, CAP'N! I THOUGHT HE LOOKED PECULIAR TO ME! SOMETHING HAPPENED TO HIM! HE CAN'T SEE!
I WAS ABLE TO KEEP THAT FACT A SECRET BEFORE ... BUT NOW IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

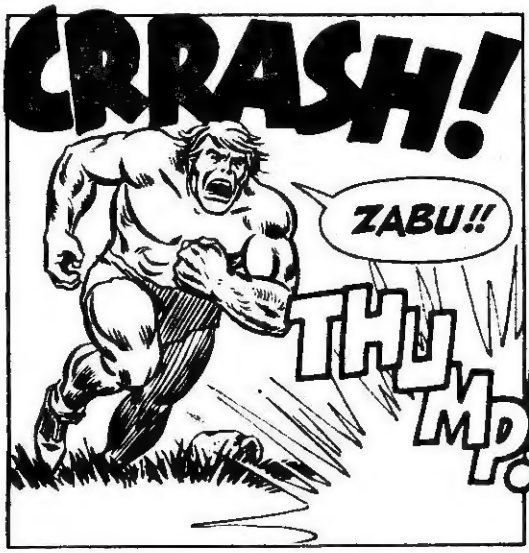
HE'S NO GOOD TO US NOW, CAP'N! LET'S FINISH HIM OFF.. SAME AS WE'LL FINISH OFF KA-ZAR WHEN WE FIND 'IM!
NO, SLAGG... NOT THE SAME! I HAVE DIFFERENT PLANS FOR KA-ZAR, WHEN WE FIND HIM ..!

AFTER ALL... A MAN FEELS COMPELLED TO GIVE SPECIAL TREATMENT TO ... HIS LONG LOST BROTHER!

MEANWHILE, KA-ZAR SPEEDS BACK TO THE CAVE WITH THE LIFE-SAVING BERRIES...
FASTER, ZABU!! ONLY JU-JU BERRIES CAN CURE COSTUMED ONE IN KA-ZAR'S CAVE!
NOT GOOD FOR MAN SO BRAVE TO DIE!

ZABU STOPS! THERE IS DANGER!
WHAT IS AHEAD, FAITHFUL ONE? YOU MUST BEWARE MEN WITH THUNDER STICKS!
RRRRRRRRRR


BUT THEN, BEFORE ANOTHER WORD CAN BE SAID... BEFORE ANOTHER SECOND CAN ELAPSE ... THE GARGANTUAN SABRE-TOOTH TIGER LEAPS FORWARD IN A DESTRUCTIVE CHARGE WHICH HAS NO PEER ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH ...!
ZABU... WAIT!! KA-ZAR RUN FIRST!! ZABU!!!
ROAR
RR


CRRASH!
ZABU!!
THUMP!

WE GOT THE TIGER, CAP'N ... BUT THERE'S THE WILD MAN!
STAY WHERE YOU ARE, KA-ZAR! OUR TRAP WON'T HURT YOUR LITTLE PET!
I JUST WANTED HIM OUT OF THE WAY WHILE I TALK TO YOU!
RRRRRRRRR
ONLY ONE THUNDER STICK NOW! CANNOT HARM KA-ZAR!

EEEAAHHHHH
HE'S CHARGING!! RUN!!
STOP, KA-ZAR! I DO NOT FEAR YOU!

WITHOUT FLINCHING ... WITHOUT MOVING A MUSCLE ... THE PLUNDERER STANDS HIS GROUND... FACING THE AWE-SOME, NERVE-SHATTERING CHARGE OF KA-ZAR, WITH ONLY ONE HAND UPRAISED... A HAND WHICH HOLDS A SMALL GLEAMING OBJECT...!
LOOK, JUNGLE MAN! SEE WHAT I HOLD ABOVE MY HEAD!

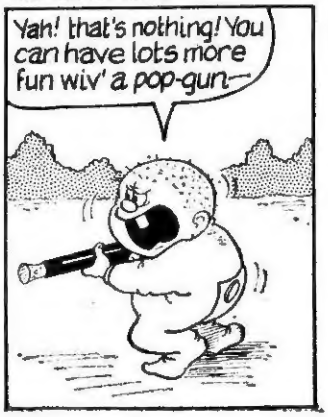
SURPRISINGLY, KA-ZAR STOPS IN HIS TRACKS! THEN, ONE MIGHTY HAND REACHES OUT TOWARDS THE BROKEN SILVER MEDAL ...!

SEIZING IT CAREFULLY, THE JUNGLE LORD REACHES INTO A POUCH... SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING...

... A SOMETHING WHICH PERFECTLY MATCHES THE HALF-MEDALLION WHICH CAPTAIN PLUNDER HAS GIVEN HIM!!
LOOK! KA-ZAR HAS THE OTHER HALF!
THEY'RE IDENTICAL PIECES!

THAT'S ALL WE'VE ROOM FOR THIS WEEK — BUT BE OF STOUT HEART, FRANTIC ONES, THE BEST IS YET TO COME... AND IT'S ALL HAPPENING, RIGHT HERE IN JOLLY OLD ENGLAND, NEXT ISH!

BABY SMASHER -v- BABY WHAMSTER



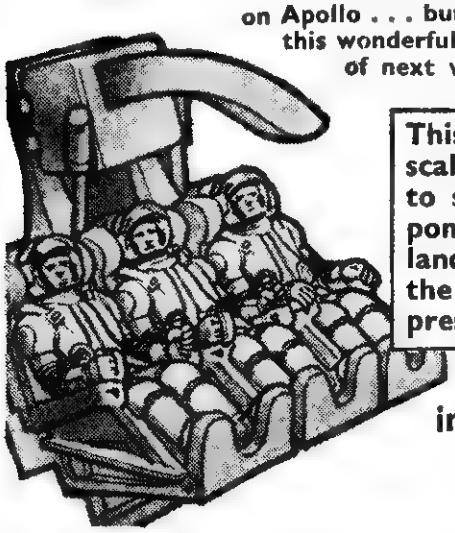
John joins the Big League

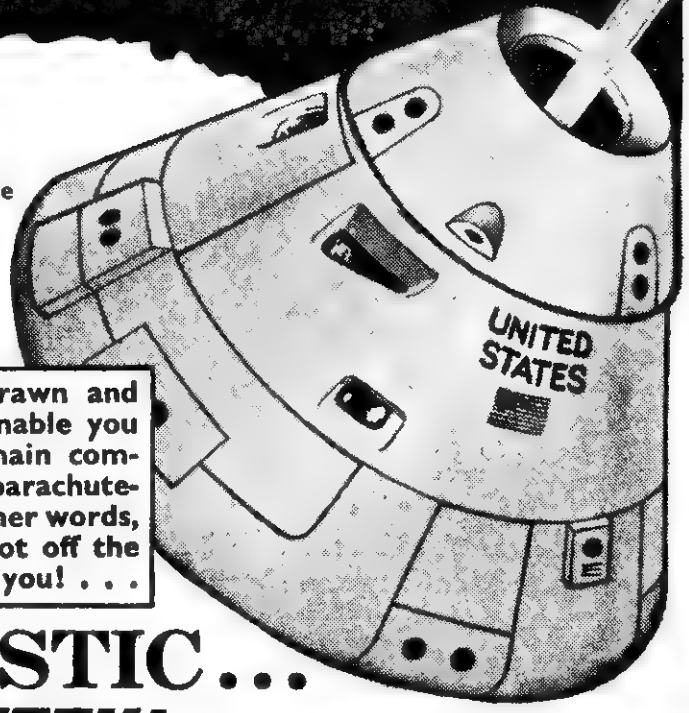
FREE! THIS WEEK! The "INSIDE STORY" on the wonderful

APOLLO

SPACE CAPSULE

Some time between now and 1971 three men will climb into the Apollo space craft atop the giant Saturn V rocket. First stop will be... THE MOON! We can't offer you passenger space on Apollo . . . but we CAN show you around this wonderful space capsule . . . by means of next week's great FREE GIFT!





This dynamic, accurately drawn and scaled cut-out model will enable you to see exactly what each main component looks like . . . from parachute-landing gear to cockpit. In other words, the full 'inside story' . . . hot off the presses! . . . deadlined for you! . . .

in **FANTASTIC...**

THIS WEEK!

FREE 151 DIFFERENT ALL WORLD STAMPS

given to new customers who would like to see our approval books. These contain stamps sent for your inspection from which you may buy. You may buy this offer for 3/- if you do not want the approvals. Send 4d. for postage, and if you are of school age please tell your parents. We regret that we cannot send our approval books out of Europe.

THE WULFRUNA STAMP CO.
(Dept. S9)
33 TRINITY ST., DORCHESTER, DORSET

---

144 DIFFERENT STAMPS FREE!

Just fill in the coupon below and we will send you a wonderful packet of 144 different stamps FREE OF CHARGE together with a selection of Approvals.

Please enclose 4d. postage
Tell your parents you are writing.

Please send Free Gifts and Approvals as advertised to:

NAME .....

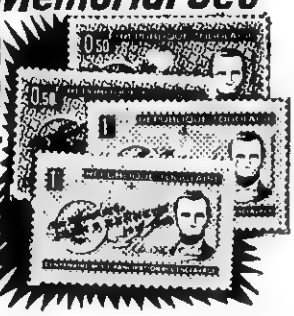
ADDRESS .....

.....

THE BRIDGNORTH STAMP CO. LTD. (Dept. F32)
BRIDGNORTH, SHROPSHIRE

Kennedy Memorial Set

123 DIFFERENT STAMPS 1/-



FABULOUS BARGAIN

TOGO slavery set and some stamps overprinted for President Kennedy. **GIANT COLLECTION 123 ALL DIFFERENT** stamps from all over the world. Also **BOY SCOUT** and **PLANET MAIL** Souvenir sheets. Everything for 1/- (worth 6/9) to introduce famous Bargain Approvals (stamps sent for 14 days' free inspection. Buy what you want—return the rest). Please tell your parents you are answering this advertisement.

SEND 1/- TODAY
ASK FOR LOT No. SS12

I enclose 1/- for 123 different stamps. Send selection Bargain Approvals for free examination.

Name .....

Address .....

..... (SS12)

BROADWAY APPROVALS LTD., 50 DENMARK HILL, LONDON, S.E.5

FREE!

25 NATURE STAMPS

To get this fabulous free gift of stamps showing animals, birds, flowers, etc., together with a selection of Approvals, just fill in the coupon below and enclose 4d. for postage.

Please tell your parents you are writing.

Please send Free Gift and Approvals as advertised to:

NAME .....

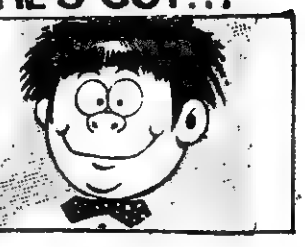
ADDRESS .....

.....

JET STAMPS (Dept. NP53), MUCH WENLOCK, SALOP.

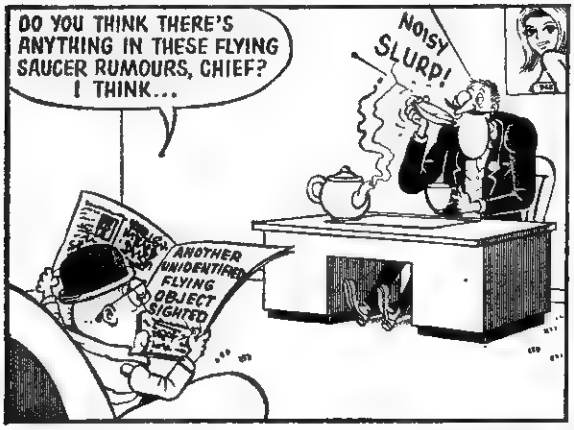
HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—*IF* HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

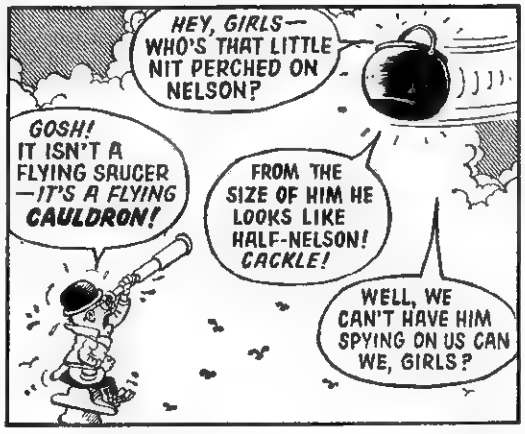
RONNIE RICH

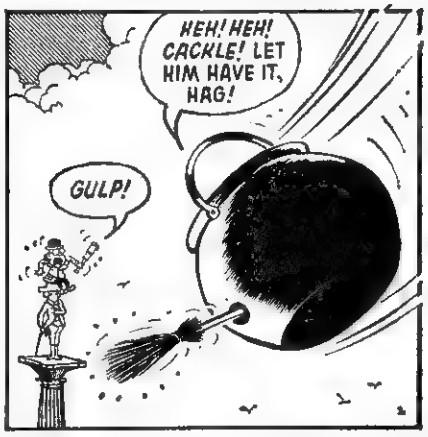


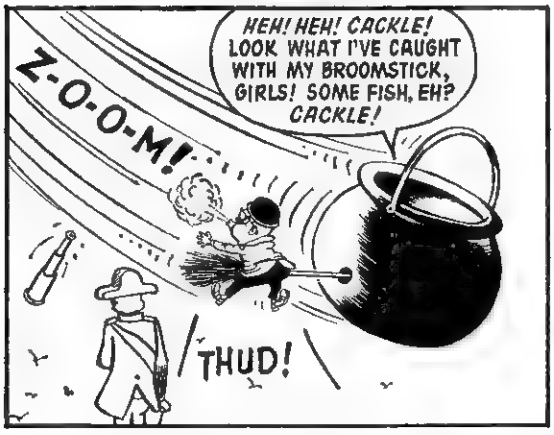
STARTS TODAY... A SPELL-BINDING ASSIGNMENT FOR...

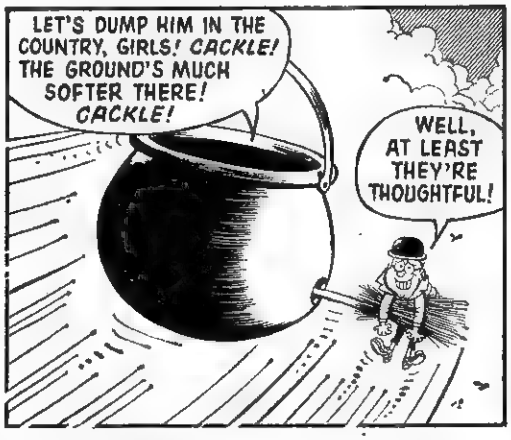
THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

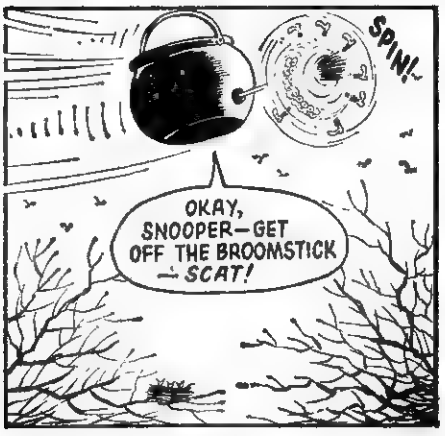


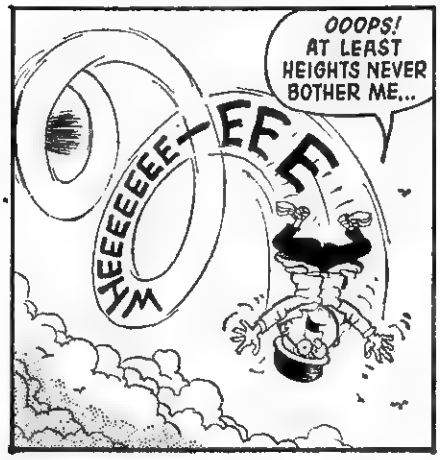


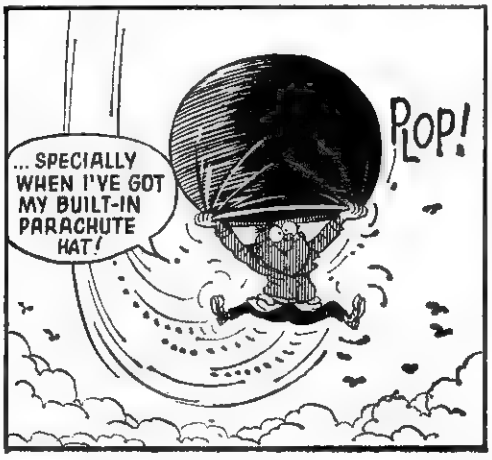


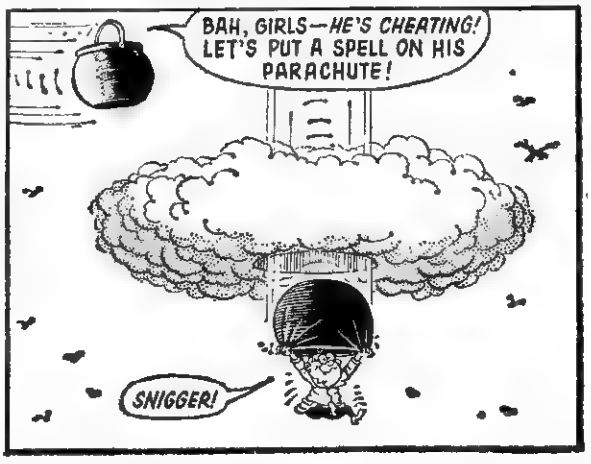


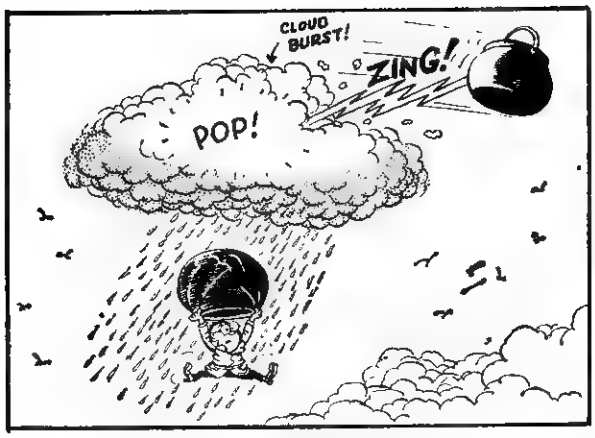




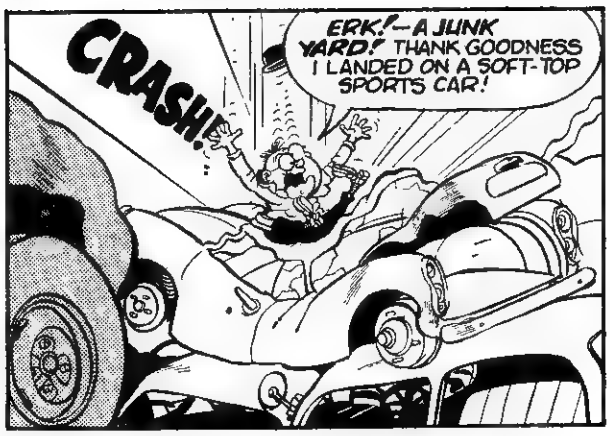







CLOUD BURST!
ZING!
POP!

OWW! ME PARACHUTE'S SHRUNK—AND I DIDN'T EVEN SEND IT TO THE LAUNDRY!
SHRINK!
HOW'S THAT FOR A HAT TRICK?


CRASH!
ERK!—A JUNK YARD! THANK GOODNESS I LANDED ON A SOFT-TOP SPORTS CAR!

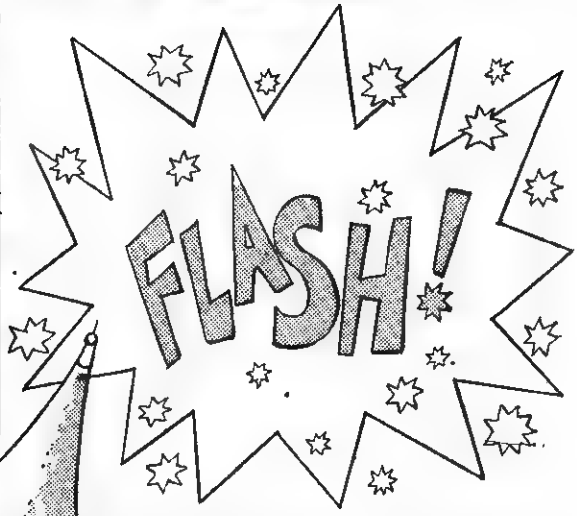
THAT'S IT, GIRLS, WE'LL LAND HERE!
HEH! HEH! SMASHING PLACE TO SET UP OUR H.Q.! IT'S DESERTED!
YEAH, CACKLE! AND THERE AIN'T A PARKING METER IN SIGHT!
CARS

I'M HAG!
I'M NAG!
I'M WAG!

HEY, GIRLS! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO WITH HIM?
DON'T WORRY, NAG! I'LL GET HIM ON HIS FEET AGAIN! I AIN'T A WITCH DOCTOR FOR NOTHING! CACKLE!

NEVER MIND THAT LITTLE SNOOPER! WE'VE GOT MORE IMPORTANT WORK TO DO—THEN WE'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!
YOU'RE RIGHT, HAG! BUT FIRST LET'S DO A SPOT OF SPELLING ON THESE LUVLY TOADSTOOLS!

DOUBLE, DOUBLE, TOIL AND TROUBLE BROWN PAPER FOR A PARCEL, TURN THOSE LUVLY LITTLE TOADSTOOLS INTO A SMASHING CASTLE!

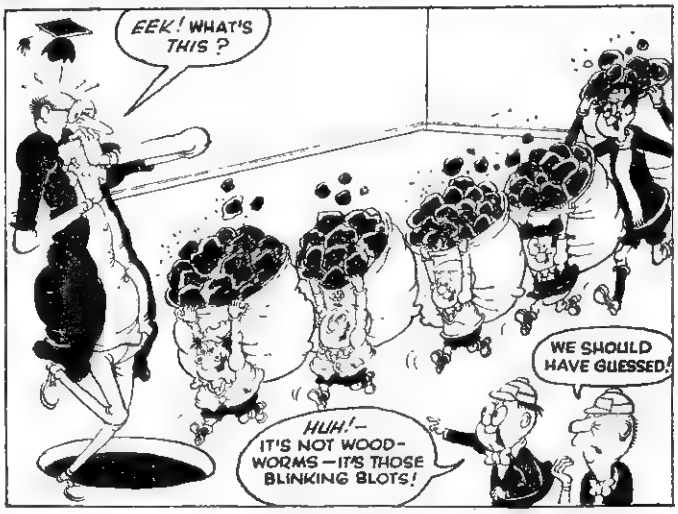

FLASH!

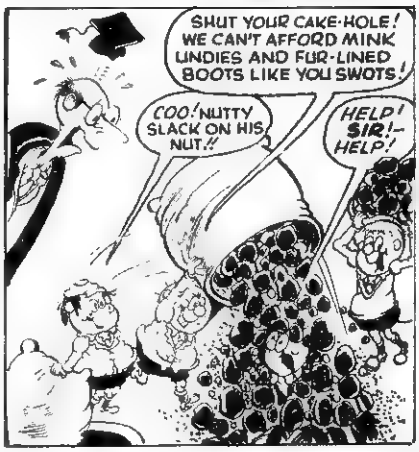
COO! CACKLE! SMASHIN'!
NOW WE CAN START CUTTING OUR OWN POP DISCS!
YEAH, CACKLE! WE'RE GOING TO BE THE GREATEST POP GROUP IN THE WORLD! CACKLE!
BARBARA CASTLE

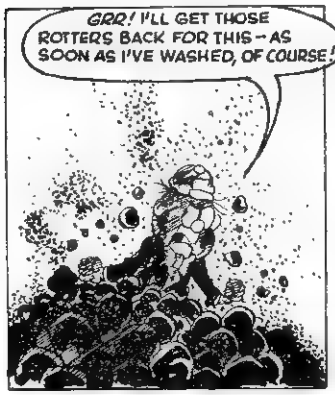
HEH! HEH! CACKLE! BY THE TIME WE PUT ALL THE TEENAGERS UNDER OUR SPELL—OUR POP DISCS WILL ALL GET TO NUMBER ONE IN THE CHARTS!
YEAH! CACKLE! WE'LL MAKE THE BEATLES LOOK MORE LIKE ANTS THAN BEATLES!
HEH! HEH! CACKLE! I CAN'T WAIT TO PUT A SPELL ON SIMON BEE!

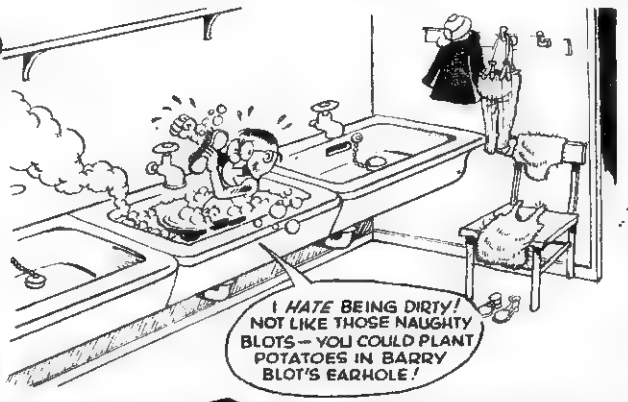
GOSH! I'VE GOT TO WARN THE CHIEF!
NOT SO FAST, ME LITTLE SNOOPER FRIEND...
WILL LARRY BE CAUGHT? AND IF SO BY WHICH WITCH? THINK ABOUT IT FOR A SPELL—THE ANSWER'S IN NEXT WEEK'S ISH!

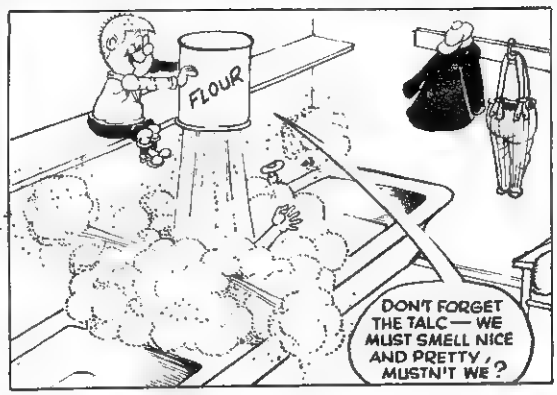
The SWOTS and the BLOTS



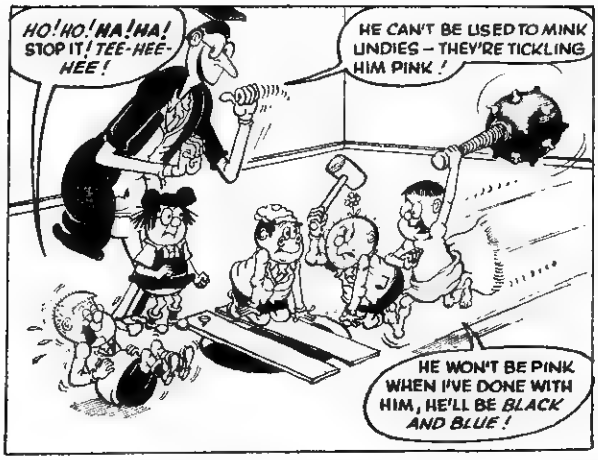






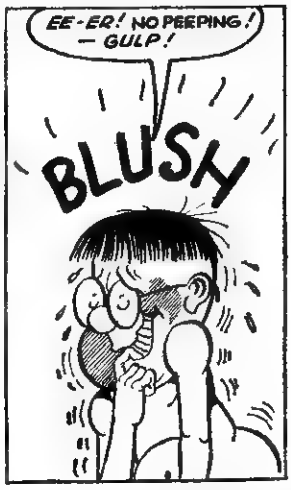


GRR! WHERE IS HE? I WANT MY UNDERWEAR BACK!
OH, NO! WHAT'S GOING ON NOW?


HO! HO! HA! HA! STOP IT! TEE-HEE-HEE!
HE CAN'T BE USED TO MINK UNDIES – THEY'RE TICKLING HIM PINK!
HE WON'T BE PINK WHEN I'VE DONE WITH HIM, HE'LL BE BLACK AND BLUE!

I'LL GIVE CLARENCE A NAIL TO HANG HIS TOWEL ON!
GRRRR!

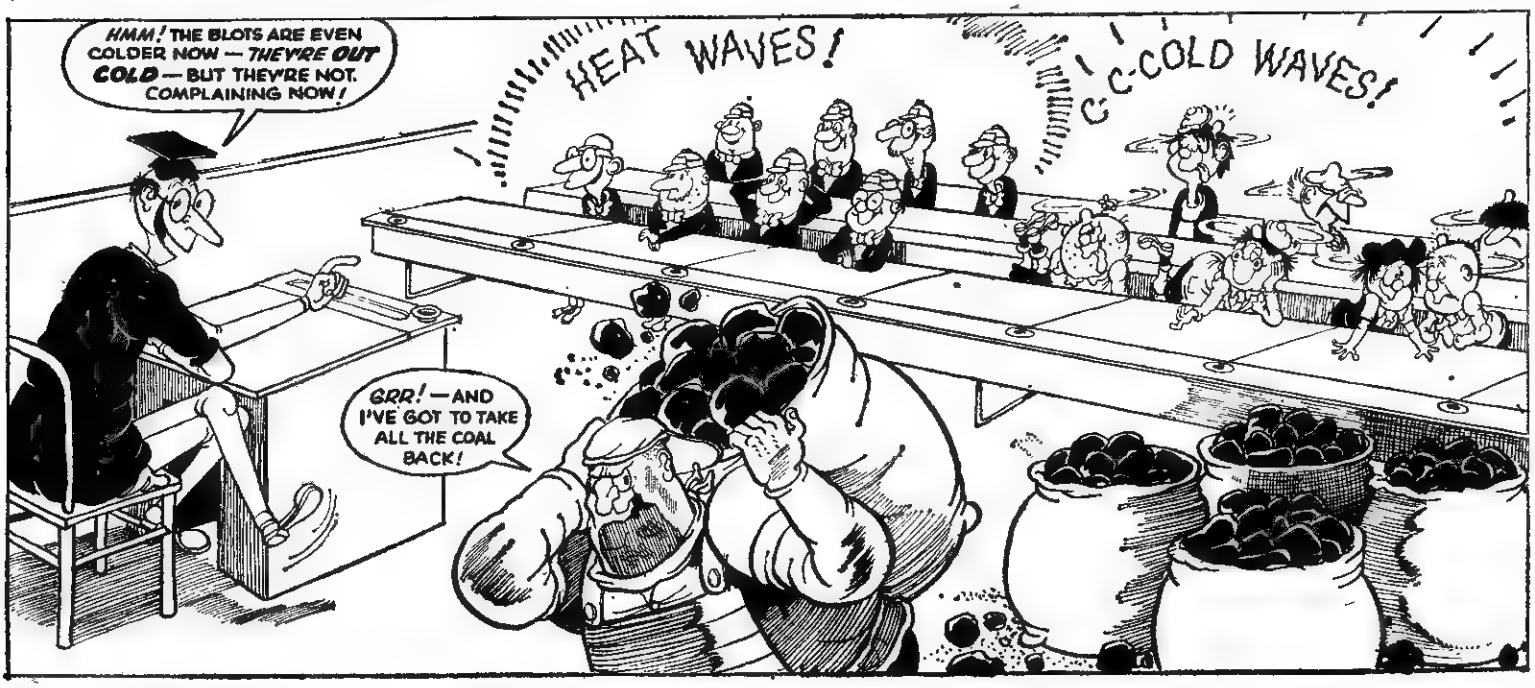
ER, CLARENCE – I THINK YOU DROPPED SOMETHING!
HO! HO! HE'S THROWN THE TOWEL IN ALREADY!


EE-ER! NO PEEPING! – GULP!
BLUSH

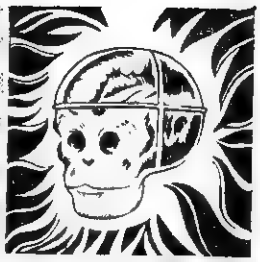
DON'T WORRY! WE AREN'T LOOKING – HONEST!
WHY DON'T YOU JUST STAND SIDEWAYS – NO ONE WILL BE ABLE TO SEE YOU THEN!
?...

YAHOO! I'LL NEVER GET A CHANCE LIKE THIS AGAIN! DOWN WITH THE BLOTS! CHA-ARGE!
OW!
EEK!
AAGH! CHEAT! YOU CAN'T HIT A LAD WHEN HE'S NOT LOOKING!
OOH!
OW!
GOODNESS – WHAT A BRIGHT LAD TO THINK OF THAT!

GLOW!
GLOW!
AAH! WARM AGAIN – NOW TO GET THE REST OF MY JOLLY OLD TOGS!


HMM! THE BLOTS ARE EVEN COLDER NOW – THEY'RE OUT COLD – BUT THEY'RE NOT COMPLAINING NOW!
HEAT WAVES!
C-C-COLD WAVES!
GRR! – AND I'VE GOT TO TAKE ALL THE COAL BACK!

BRIAN'S BRAIN



PROFESSOR KINGSLEY HAS VANISHED WHILE SEARCHING FOR A STRANGE SERPENT WHICH IS TERRORISING A REMOTE WELSH VILLAGE. HIS SON, BRIAN, TOGETHER WITH HIS PAL, DUFFY, AND THE 'BRAIN', SET OUT TO FIND HIM. BRIAN FINALLY FINDS HIS FATHER IMPRISONED IN THE HOUSE OF THE SINISTER WOMAN IN WHITE...

IT'S NO USE, DAD! THE DOOR IS PADLOCKED — I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO OPEN IT!

NEVER MIND ABOUT ME, BRIAN — YOU MUST GET AWAY FROM THIS HOUSE AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE! THAT WOMAN IN WHITE HAS STRANGE POWERS — SHE IS EVIL!

BUT YOU WROTE TO TELL ME TO BRING THE BRAIN HERE — WHY?

SHE MADE ME WRITE THAT CARD, BRIAN! SHE USED HYPTNOTIC DRUGS — AND I WAS NOT STRONG ENOUGH TO RESIST THEM! I-I'M SORRY, LAD!

BUT BEFORE BRIAN CAN MOVE, THE ENTIRE HOUSE SEEMS TO SHUDDER, AND A CRAWLING SENSE OF GLOOM SEEMS TO REACH OUT FROM THE WALLS . . .

OWLL!

THAT AWFUL MOANING COMING FROM DOWNSTAIRS — WHAT IS IT ??

BRIAN TAKES BUT ONE STEP, THEN . . .

OOH!

THE SHADOWY CREATURES FLIT PAST IN A SILENT CLOUD, KNOCKING THE INCREDULOUS LAD FROM HIS FEET . . .

AAGH!

MEANWHILE, IN A ROOM DOWNSTAIRS, THE SINISTER WOMAN IN WHITE REACHES FOR THE BRAIN!
THE BRAIN MUST BE MINE! — AAAH!
WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING? THE ROOM IS TILTING OVER!

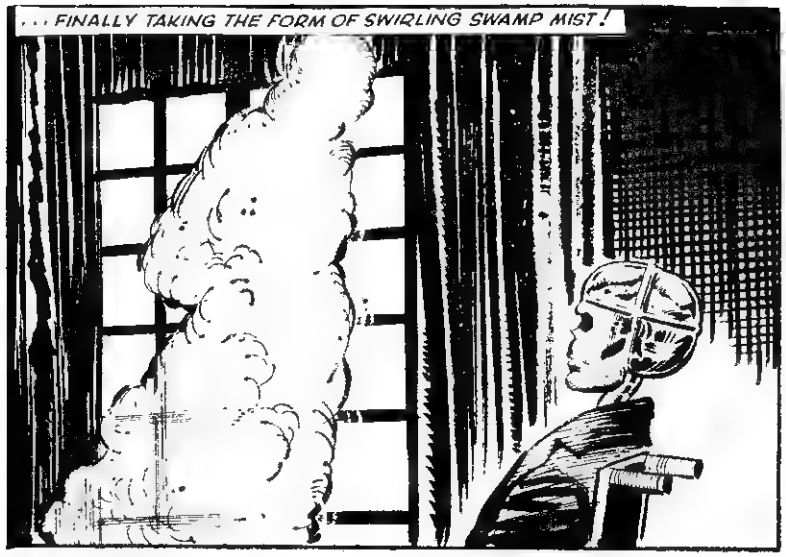
SO—YOU USE YOUR SUPER BRAIN POWERS TO KEEP ME FROM YOU! BUT I HAVE POWERS, TOO . . .

HER VOICE RISES TO A SHRIEK AS SHE ADVANCES ON THE BRAIN AMID A HORDE OF WINGED CREATURES THAT SEEM TO COME FROM THE EMPTY AIR!
THE BRAIN SHALL BE MINE!

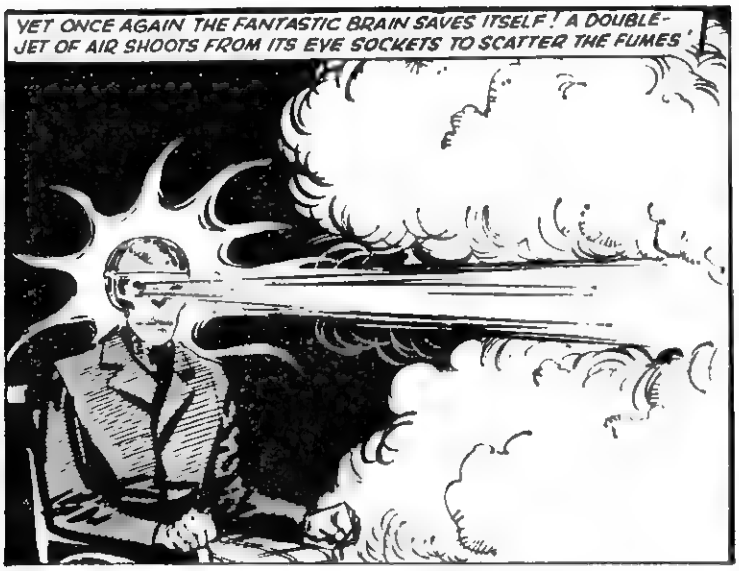
AND BRIAN'S FRIEND, DUFFY, RECOILS IN BEWILDERMENT...
OOOH! THIS IS AWFUL! WHAT SHALL I DO, BRAIN?—

BUT THE BRAIN IS ALREADY USING UNSUSPECTED POWERS TO REPEL THE BLACK-WINGED HORDE...

THE AERIAL SWARM FLEES TO VANISH INTO DARK CORNERS — THEN THE WOMAN HERSELF SEEMS TO MELT INTO THE AIR . . .


. . . FINALLY TAKING THE FORM OF SWIRLING SWAMP MIST!

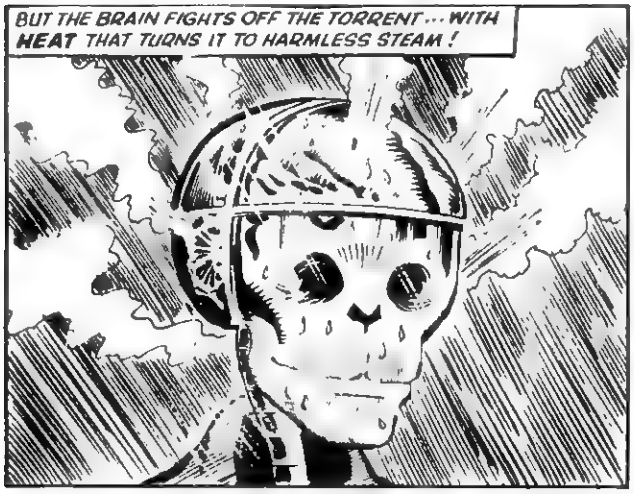
AS DUFFY CHOKES IN THE PUTRID CLOUD, THE VAPOUR SPIRALS UP TO THE BRAIN
COUGH! COUGH! MY EYES! COUGH! I CANNOT SEE!!


YET ONCE AGAIN THE FANTASTIC BRAIN SAVES ITSELF! A DOUBLE-JET OF AIR SHOOTS FROM ITS EYE SOCKETS TO SCATTER THE FUMES!

I'LL GET YOU YET, BRAIN! YES... SOON I SHALL SWALLOW YOU — THEN YOU WILL BE MINE!

THEN THE FACE VANISHES INTO A DENSE CLOUD WHICH RISES TO THE CEILING... SHOWERING ICY DROPLETS OF WATER ABOUT THE ROOM!
I MUST GET YOU OUT OF THIS ROOM, BRAIN! IF SHE WETS YOU ALL OVER — THAT MEANS SHE WILL BE ALL AROUND YOU, AND YOU'LL BE IN HER POWER!
AND THE WOMAN'S MANSERVANT LOOKS ON IN SINISTER SILENCE...

BUT AS DUFFY TRIES TO MOVE...
THIS R-RAIN! — IT-IT'S SO C-COLD I'VE G-GONE STIFF — I C-CAN'T MOVE!


BUT THE BRAIN FIGHTS OFF THE TORRENT... WITH HEAT THAT TURNS IT TO HARMLESS STEAM!

YET ALTHOUGH THE BRAIN CAN KEEP ITSELF DRY, IT CANNOT STOP THE ENDLESS DOWNPOUR OF INDOOR RAIN!
I SENSE YOUR PLAN, VILE WOMAN... IT IS TO FLOOD THE ROOM AND SWALLOW ME THAT WAY!
IF ONLY I COULD MOVE...

AT THAT MOMENT, UPSTAIRS...
THOSE HORRIBLE BLACK CREATURES BOUND ME IN THESE WEBS... I CAN'T GET OUT... BUT I KNOW THE BRAIN NEEDS MY HELP!

AND STEADILY THE WATER IS RISING...
...SOON THE BRAIN WILL BE A VICTIM OF THE EVIL WOMAN IN WHITE! DON'T MISS NEXT ISH!

MEET . . .

Mister Knowall

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

SMASH-HIT TRICK!

How can you put a sixpence in a matchbox without opening it? Easy—but you must use a wooden matchbox. Spin the sixpence on the top of a table and while it's spinning bring the matchbox down on it real hard. The sixpence will make it's own slit—which you take care to hide up with your thumb, when you pull out the tray to show the coin inside. Just one thing. Smash the box down TOP down—the sixpence won't go through the bottom of the tray as well!

YOU don't have to be a handyman to put together a scooter that will leave almost anything you can buy in the shops standing. It will cost hardly anything to make—and you can do the lot in half an hour.

THE THINGS YOU'LL NEED

Two pieces of wood about 2ft. long by 6in. wide—and about an inch thick . . . A block of wood about 6in. square . . . Four large screw-eyes . . . Two old ball bearings from car wheels (that you can beg from any garage) . . . A strong bolt about 6in. long that will pass through the screw-eyes, and a few screws and nails.

PUT IT TOGETHER LIKE THIS

(1) Saw a triangular cut at one end of both pieces of wood.

(2) Screw, or use big, strong nails, to fasten the block to the extreme end of one of the pieces.

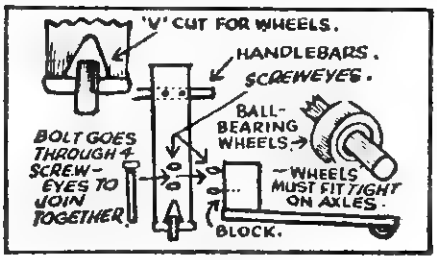
(3) Screw in two screw-eyes centrally to the outer-end of the block, one above the other, about 3½in. apart.

(4) Screw the other two screw-eyes about 3½in. apart centrally into the other piece a few inches above the triangular groove you've cut (see drawing).

(5) Get two very strong pieces of firewood about 6in. long, and knock both ball bearings into the centre of each. Your wheels are now on axles—and they must fit very tight on them.

(6) Screw the axles into place on the two pieces of wood so that the wheels spin easily in the triangles.

(7) Get another strong piece of wood about 9in. long and screw or nail this across the top front of the piece of wood without the block. This makes your handlebars (see drawing). Now slot the screw-eyes of both pieces together (with the top screw-eye on the block sitting on the top screw-eye of the other piece)—drop the bolt through all four — and you're all ready to ride away!



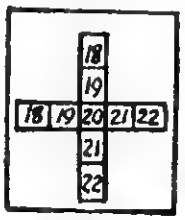
Believe me you'll have the zippiest, noisiest scooter on the road. But keep those wheels well oiled.

Go to it, you Power-Packed Knowalls!

FIGURE FUN

Remember last week I asked you to fill in the blank diagram with any five numbers that run after each other so that they add up to 100 across and down?

Here is the answer. Figures—doesn't it!



£1 for Knowalls

Perhaps you know a trick or something that's fun to make or do. If so, send it on a postcard to Mr. Knowall at the address below. If it's printed, you win £1. But, remember, it must be your own idea and not copied from somewhere else.

TO: MR. KNOWALL,
64, LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W.C.2.

FREE! this super CAPTAIN SCARLET BOOK from Barratt's Sweets

It's a super action packed book with 24 terrific pages of Captain Scarlet, your TV favourite! There's Spectrum, too, with their fantastic pursuit car, space ships and jet planes! And all the latest top secret information on the Mysterons! Just save the wrappers of 1/6d worth of any of your Barratt's favourites (including those below). Then fill in the coupon with your full name and address and send it to us, along with the wrappers and a 3d stamp—**before March 15th!** There are free books for the first 50,000 lucky children!

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SO HURRY! GET YOUR FREE COPY NOW!

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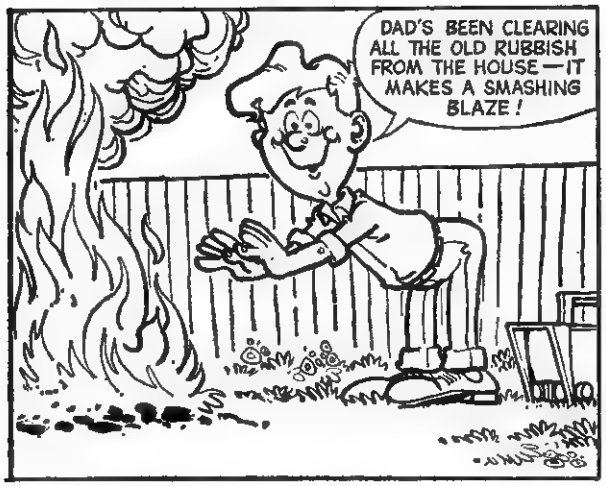
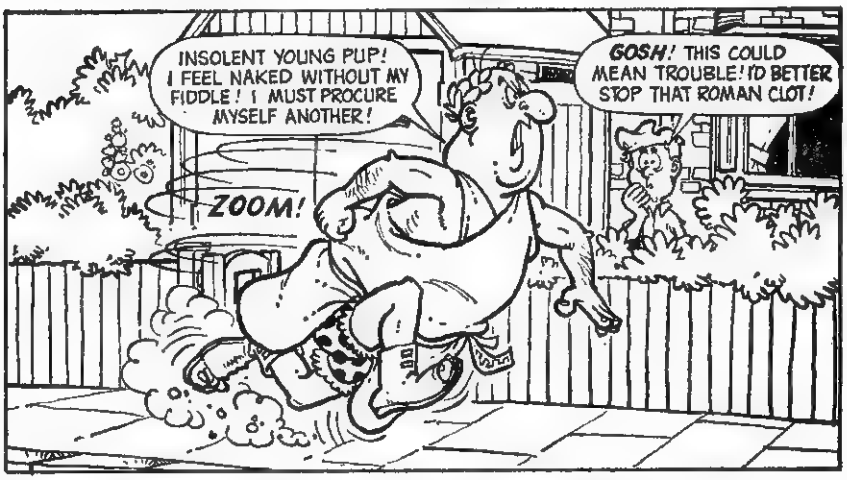
POST TO: Barratt's, P.O. Box 136, Sunderland X, Co. Durham .....S

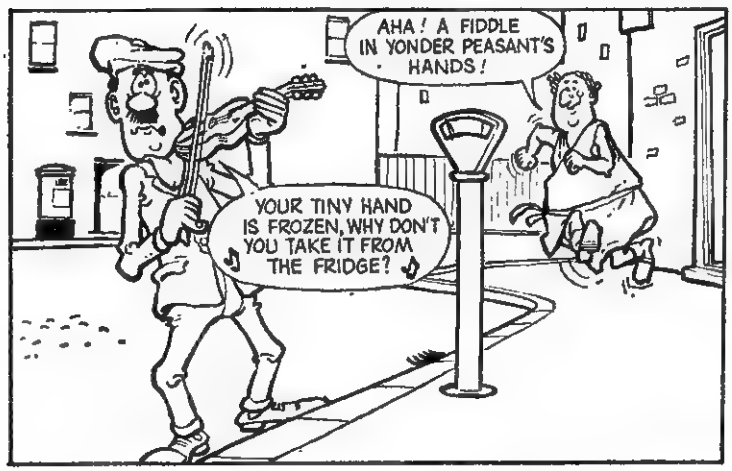
BARRATT

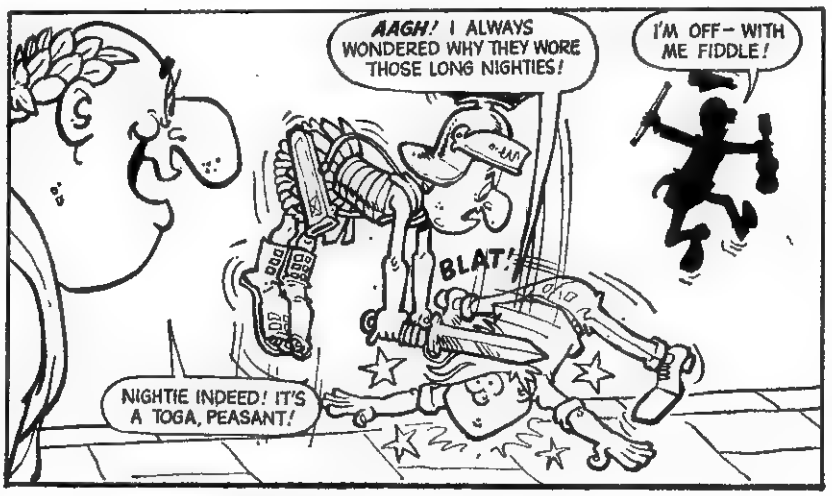
Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE!



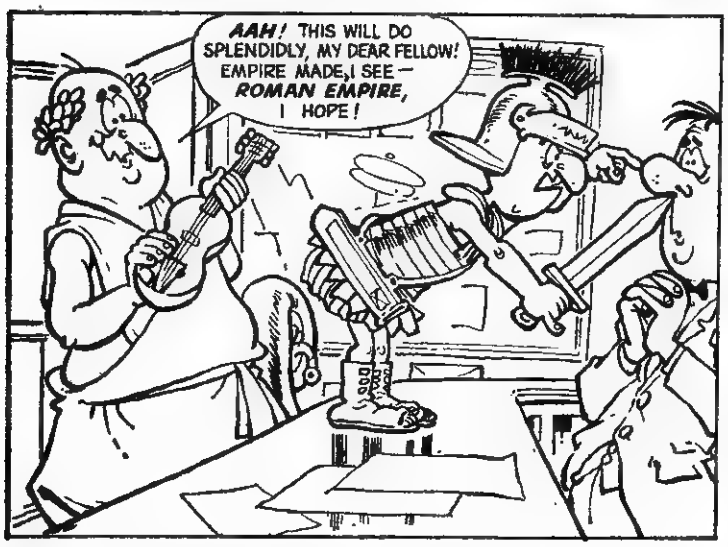


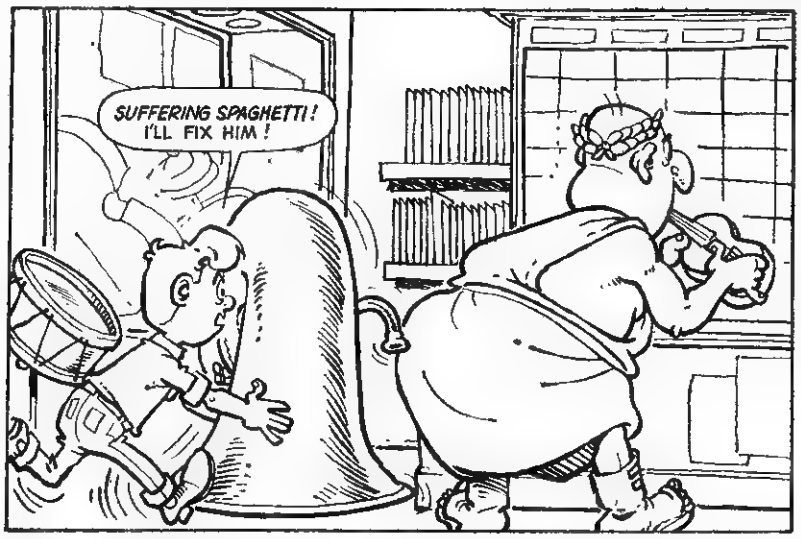


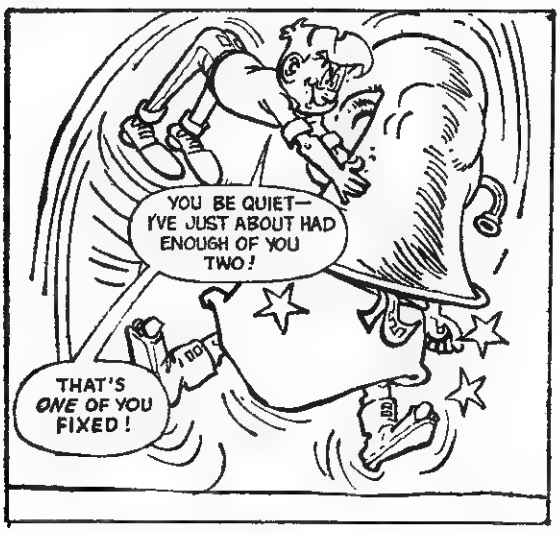


SUFFERING SENATORS! THAT PEASANT DOG HAS RUN OFF WITH MY FIDDLE! I SHALL HAVE TO GET MYSELF ANOTHER!
GONE

OH, NO! THAT MAD FOOL'S GONE INTO THE MUSIC SHOP NOW— I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!
MUSIC SHOP

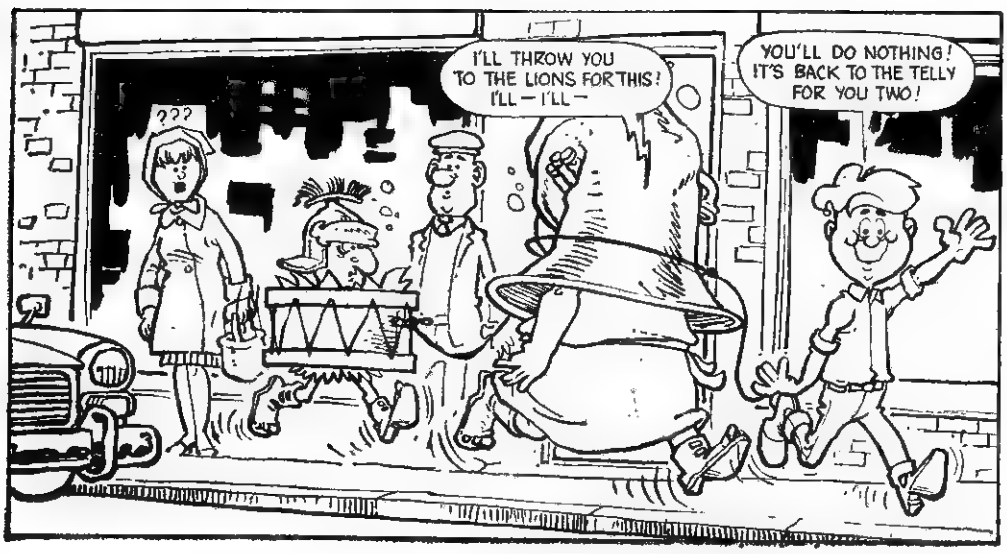

AAH! THIS WILL DO SPLENDIDLY, MY DEAR FELLOW! EMPIRE MADE, I SEE— ROMAN EMPIRE, I HOPE!


SUFFERING SPAGHETTI! I'LL FIX HIM!


YOU BE QUIET— I'VE JUST ABOUT HAD ENOUGH OF YOU TWO!
THAT'S ONE OF YOU FIXED!

THOU SHALT PAY FOR THIS— ASSAULTING OUR GLORIOUS EMPEROR IS PUNISHABLE BY DEATH!
AND THAT'S GOT YOU!

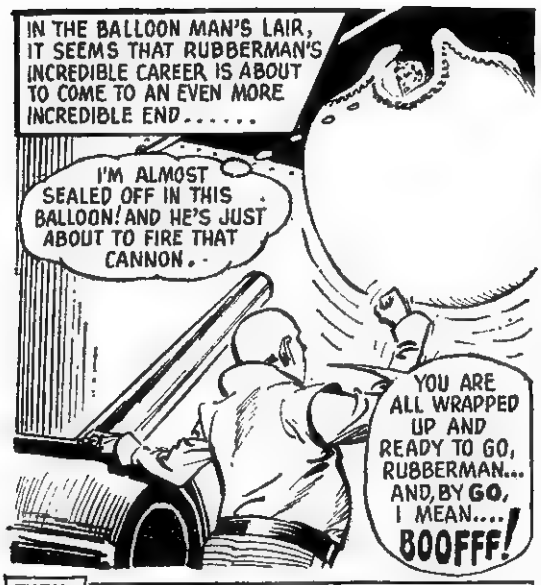
I THINK IT WOULD BE SAFER IF I LEFT THOSE TWERPS AS THEY ARE— MAYBE THIS WILL HELP PAY FOR THE DRUM AND THE OOMPAH!
BY GOSH! IT WILL INDEED — A GENUINE ROMAN SWORD!

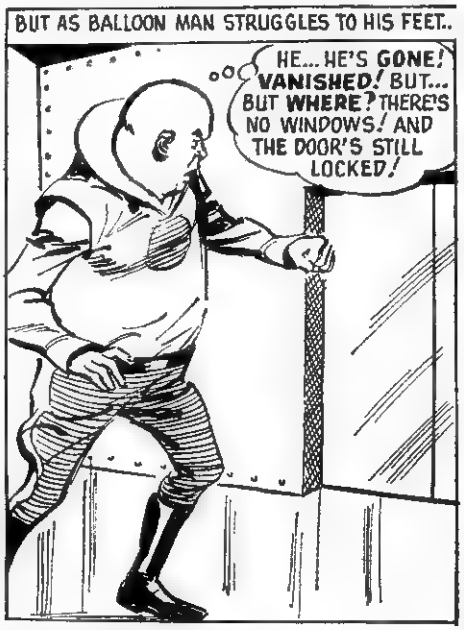

???
I'LL THROW YOU TO THE LIONS FOR THIS! I'LL — I'LL —
YOU'LL DO NOTHING! IT'S BACK TO THE TELLY FOR YOU TWO!

OOMPAH! OOMPAH! OOMPAH! PAH!
EEK! THAT ISN'T RIGHT! I THOUGHT NERO PLAYED A FIDDLE WHILE ROME WAS BURNING!
SSH! NOT A WORD!

IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

PRECIOUS JEWELS ENTRUSTED TO THE CARE OF RUBBERMAN ARE STOLEN BY THE WEIRD BALLOON MAN. RUBBERMAN TRACKS HIM TO HIS LAIR... BUT IS TRAPPED INSIDE A BALLOON, WITH A KING-SIZED DISINTEGRATOR GUN AIMED AT HIM!

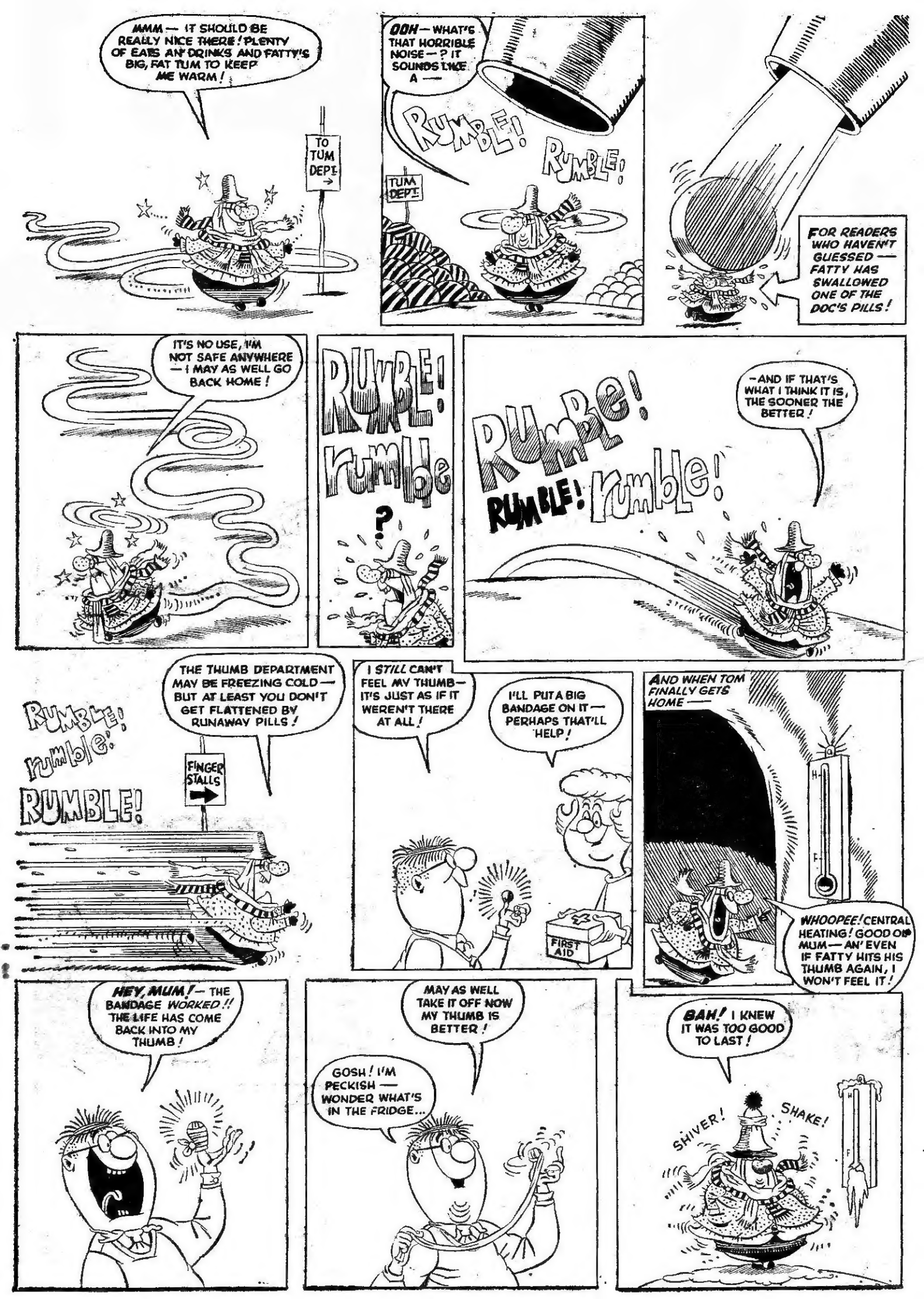




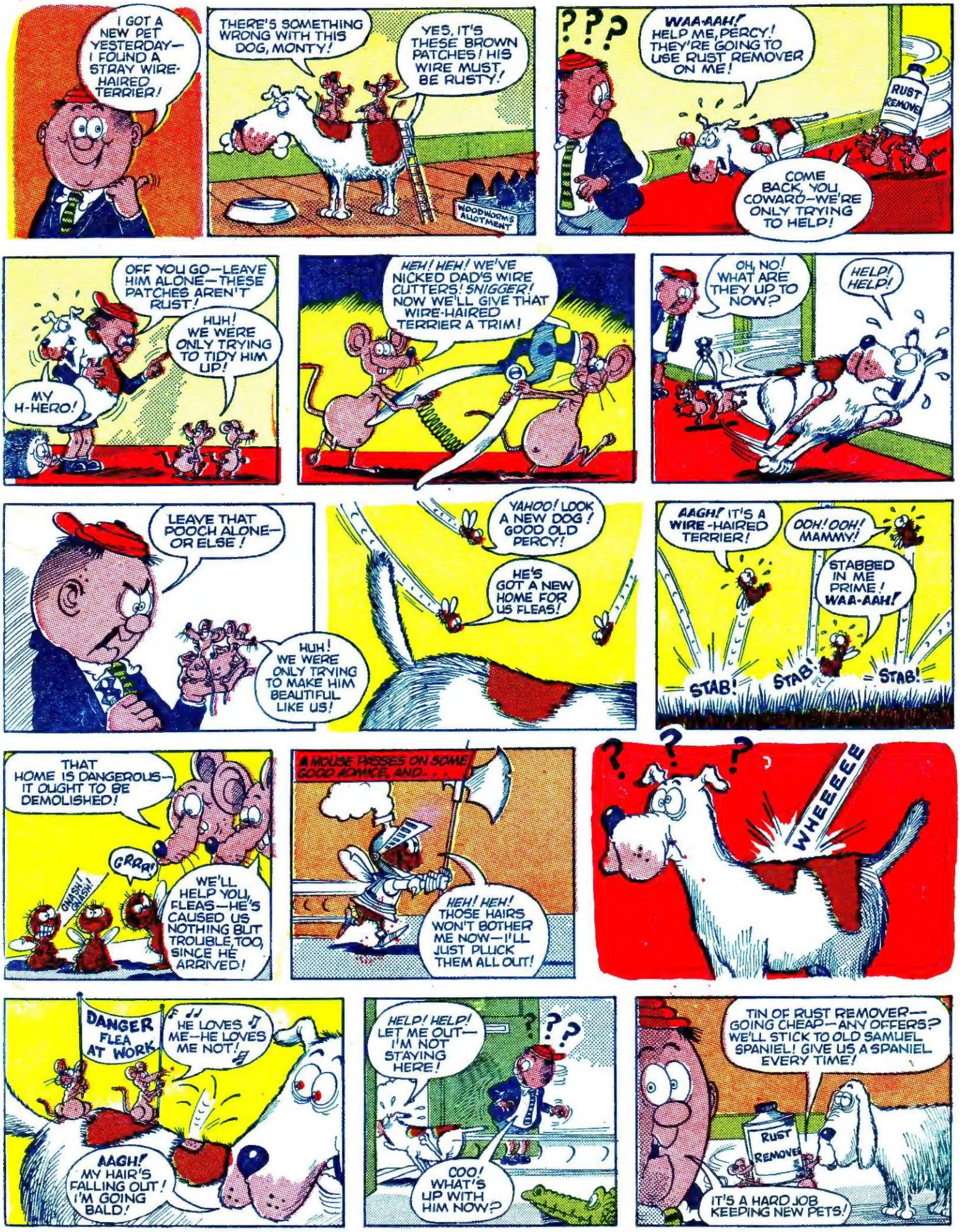
AS BALLOON MAN LIES SENSELESS...
AH! THE JEWELS HIS BALLOONS STOLE FROM ME!
...AND I FEEL SAFER NOW THIS CONTROL PANEL IS IN MY HANDS!
HE HAS BESTED ME. I MUST MAKE MY ESCAPE!
...AND THE JEWELS SEEM TO BE ALL HERE!
YES, I SHALL ESCAPE! ONE DAY TO RETURN TO SUCCEED IN MY PLAN OF CRIME!
AS BALLOON MAN YANKS DOWN A TINY LEVER....
...AND IN MY ESCAPE BALLOON I HAVE ANOTHER CONTROL PANEL. I CAN YET DESTROY YOU, RUBBERMAN!
GOODBYE, RUBBERMAN! THIS TIME IT'S REALLY GOODBYE!
HE'S SPARKED OFF ANOTHER BALLOON BARRAGE! I WONDER IF I CAN DO ANYTHING ...WITH THIS!
IMMEDIATELY RUBBERMAN PRESSES ONE OF THE CONTROL BUTTONS...
I PICKED ON THE RIGHT ONE.... THE BALLOONS ARE DEFLATING!
THEY ARE NOT THE ONLY BALLOONS AFFECTED....
AAAAHHH!
STEP RIGHT THIS WAY, BLUBBER MAN! YOU'VE A DATE AT THE COP-SHOP!
CURSE YOU, RUBBERMAN! IT WAS YOUR LUCK THAT DEFEATED ME!.. YOUR ACCURSED LUCK!
ALL MY DREAMS GONE! BECAUSE OF YOUR LUCK!
LUCK? I'M STILL A MAN MADE OF RUBBER... STILL A FREAK! AND HE CALLS THAT.... LUCK!
WE KNOW YOU'LL WANT TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENS NEXT— SO DON'T STRETCH YOUR LUCK—ORDER NEXT WEEK'S SUPER-SMASH!

THE NERVS

MEET TOM THUMB NERV. HE'S FROZEN STIFF. WHY..? 'COS FATTY KEEPS PUTTING HIS HAND IN THE FRIDGE, THAT'S WHY!
DO-O-OH!
SHIVER!
SHAKE!
H
F
EAT! EAT! EAT! COME OUT OF THE FRIDGE AND DO SOMETHING USEFUL FOR A CHANGE — I WANT THIS PICTURE HUNG UP.
MUNCH!
BURP!
GOBBLE!
THIS'LL ONLY TAKE A MINUTE, THEN I CAN GET BACK TO ALL THAT LOVELY GRUB! — SLOBBER!
COO! — FATTY'S THUMB NERV HAS BEEN CLOBBERED, TOO!!
ERK! WHAT HIT ME?
YEEOW! I'VE CLOBBERED MY THUMB!
SMASH!
GRR! THAT FAT IDIOT BASHED HIS THUMB AGAIN! WELL, HE'S DONE IT ONCE TOO OFTEN — I'M LEAVING!
IT'LL BE A LOT WARMER DOWN IN FATTY'S FOOT — HIS SHOES AND SOCKS SEE TO THAT!
FOOT DEPT.
EEK! MUM! I CAN'T FEEL MY THUMB AT ALL — IT'S GONE DEAD!
IT'S THE DOCTOR'S FOR YOU, M'LAD!
AT THE DOC'S.
A COUPLE OF THESE SHOULD DO THE TRICK!
O.K. DOC!
TUT! TUT! BUTTER-FINGERS!
OOPS! OUCH!
BUMP!
AND LOOK WHO HAS JUST ARRIVED IN FATTY'S CLOBBERED FOOT — IT'S TOM THUMB NERV!!
OOF! — I'M OFF TO THE TUM DEPARTMENT — IT MUST BE SAFE THERE!


MMM — IT SHOULD BE REALLY NICE THERE! PLENTY OF EATS AN' DRINKS AND FATTY'S BIG, FAT TUM TO KEEP ME WARM!
TO TUM DEPT. →
OOH — WHAT'S THAT HORRIBLE NOISE — ? IT SOUNDS LIKE A —
RUMBLE!
RUMBLE!
TUM DEPT.
FOR READERS WHO HAVEN'T GUESSED — FATTY HAS SWALLOWED ONE OF THE DOC'S PILLS!
IT'S NO USE, I'M NOT SAFE ANYWHERE — I MAY AS WELL GO BACK HOME!
RUMBLE! rumble ?
RUMBLE! RUMBLE! rumble!
—AND IF THAT'S WHAT I THINK IT IS, THE SOONER THE BETTER!
RUMBLE! rumble! RUMBLE!
THE THUMB DEPARTMENT MAY BE FREEZING COLD — BUT AT LEAST YOU DON'T GET FLATTENED BY RUNAWAY PILLS!
FINGER STALLS
I STILL CAN'T FEEL MY THUMB — IT'S JUST AS IF IT WEREN'T THERE AT ALL!
I'LL PUT A BIG BANDAGE ON IT — PERHAPS THAT'LL HELP!
FIRST AID
AND WHEN TOM FINALLY GETS HOME —
H
F
WHOOPEE! CENTRAL HEATING! GOOD OL' MUM — AN' EVEN IF FATTY HITS HIS THUMB AGAIN, I WON'T FEEL IT!
HEY, MUM! — THE BANDAGE WORKED!! THE LIFE HAS COME BACK INTO MY THUMB!
MAY AS WELL TAKE IT OFF NOW MY THUMB IS BETTER!
GOSH! I'M PECKISH — WONDER WHAT'S IN THE FRIDGE...
BAH! I KNEW IT WAS TOO GOOD TO LAST!
SHIVER!
SHAKE!
H
F

PeRcY's Pets


I GOT A NEW PET YESTERDAY— I FOUND A STRAY WIRE-HAIRED TERRIER!
THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH THIS DOG, MONTY!
YES, IT'S THESE BROWN PATCHES! HIS WIRE MUST BE RUSTY!
WOODWORM'S ALLOTMENT
???
WAA-AAH! HELP ME, PERCY! THEY'RE GOING TO USE RUST REMOVER ON ME!
RUST REMOVER
COME BACK, YOU COWARD—WE'RE ONLY TRYING TO HELP!
OFF YOU GO—LEAVE HIM ALONE—THESE PATCHES AREN'T RUST!
HUH! WE WERE ONLY TRYING TO TIDY HIM UP!
MY H-HERO!
HEH! HEH! WE'VE NICKED DAD'S WIRE CUTTERS! SNIGGER! NOW WE'LL GIVE THAT WIRE-HAIRED TERRIER A TRIM!
OH, NO! WHAT ARE THEY UP TO NOW?
HELP! HELP!
LEAVE THAT POOCH ALONE— OR ELSE!
HUH! WE WERE ONLY TRYING TO MAKE HIM BEAUTIFUL LIKE US!
YAHOO! LOOK A NEW DOG! GOOD OLD PERCY!
HE'S GOT A NEW HOME FOR US FLEAS!
AAGH! IT'S A WIRE-HAIRED TERRIER!
OOH! OOH! MAMMY!
STABBED IN ME PRIME! WAA-AAH!
STAB!
STAB!
STAB!
THAT HOME IS DANGEROUS— IT OUGHT TO BE DEMOLISHED!
GRRR!
GNASH! GNASH!
WE'LL HELP YOU, FLEAS—HE'S CAUSED US NOTHING BUT TROUBLE, TOO, SINCE HE ARRIVED!
A MOUSE PASSES ON SOME GOOD ADVICE, AND...
HEH! HEH! THOSE HAIRS WON'T BOTHER ME NOW—I'LL JUST PLUCK THEM ALL OUT!
? ? ?
WHEEEEE
DANGER FLEA AT WORK
♪ ♪♪ HE LOVES ME—HE LOVES ME NOT! ♪
AAGH! MY HAIR'S FALLING OUT! I'M GOING BALD!
HELP! HELP! LET ME OUT— I'M NOT STAYING HERE!
???
COO! WHAT'S UP WITH HIM NOW?
TIN OF RUST REMOVER— GOING CHEAP—ANY OFFERS? WE'LL STICK TO OLD SAMUEL SPANIEL! GIVE US A SPANIEL EVERY TIME!
RUST REMOVER
IT'S A HARD JOB KEEPING NEW PETS!